

Gutz

Joy Division

... 3, 4 warsaw!

Don't talk to me girl, you know it's not nice.

Don't laugh at murder, I won't pay the price.

The facts are too high-powered, so sickened thrill,

I'd give that mess up 'cos it makes you so ill.

Blame bad things on me, whatever you do.

When I come home I will be different from you.

You're such a chictalk, you're really trussed up.

Don't wanna talk to you, just left me your mum.

Don't be a puppet, always rush you around.

One just for you photo, try and tire me down.

I won't tell him I talk like this all night,

He must be worried 'cos you're sounding so trite.

Respect is only normal, the way to our lives.

Ever tried to sleep around with a bed for a wife.

We'll never change you, if you start acting that way.

If do keep mouths all open, I'll never get a say.

You know what's special, it's as dark as I say.

Can you see me, just ourselves,

No comment, copycat!

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